EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. I. — NO. 23. BOSTON, JULY 18, 1886. Entered as second-class mail matter.

VACATION.

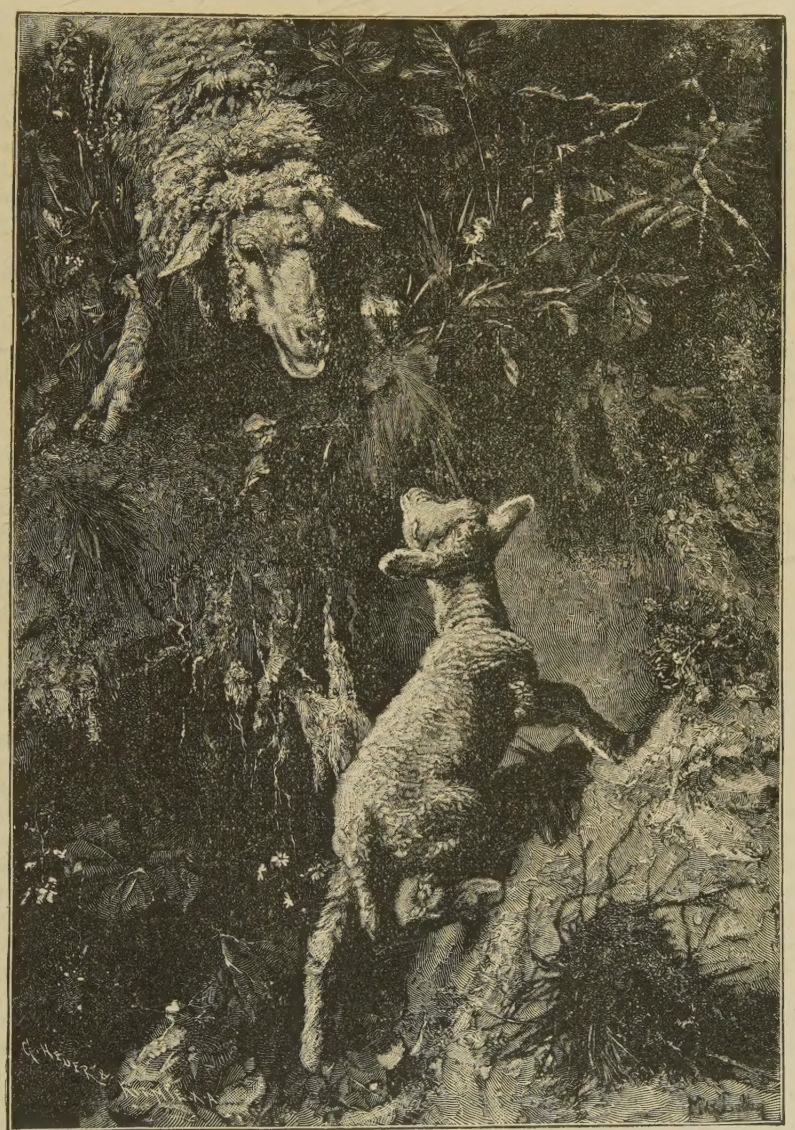
NOT only are the day-schools over now, and the wished-for long vacation already begun, but the Sunday-schools also, in many places, have held their closing exercises for the year; and their members, both teachers and pupils, are resting from the weekly labors and duties which the Sunday-school requires. What religious use may we make of this vacation-time?

1. We may all, superintendents, teachers, and pupils, attend to our sometimes neglected duties as church-goers. There is no good reason why we should not go regularly to church on these summer Sundays, if we are where we can do so. Indeed, there is every reason why we should go. We should go to church, that by our example we may prove that attendance upon the Sunday-school does not unfit us to become good church-goers. We should go that we may get all the good that comes from attendance upon the services of the Church. Our Sunday-school children should go to church, to try to gain fresh instruction from the preacher's words and fresh inspiration from prayer and song.

2. But in vacation-time many of us are free to enter almost every day of the week some sanctuary in Nature's vast temple. Let, then, the summer sky speak to us of the glory of God; let the ocean be to us the clear mirror of His infinity; let the mountains tell us of Him who laid their strong foundations. This open book of a wonderful revelation will be before us through all these vacation days. Will it not be a reproach to us if we do not read some of its pages, and lay some of its lessons to heart?

3. It would be a good plan if our boys and girls would try, this summer, to gain some new knowledge of Nature's facts and laws. One of our thoughtful ministers, on bidding his Sunday-school children good-by for the vacation, asked them to come to the school in September prepared to tell him something about birds and flowers. From the girls he expects lists of their twelve favorite flowers, whether flowers of the garden or of the wildwood; and from the boys, the names of as many birds which they can tell by sight or by hearing their songs. These reports will make a capital text for a Sunday-school sermon, when in the early autumn the school meets its pastor again.

4. Lastly, let us all remember that in our pleasures it will be more blessed to give than to receive. Unselfish devotion to the happiness of others will bring the highest blessedness that human hearts can enjoy. To make others happy as we have opportunity, and to make opportunities for giving this happiness, is the best rule for our conduct in vacation-time.



MOTHER-LOVE.

THERE is no love like mother-love, whether in the lower animals or in the human race. Our picture shows us this love prompting the mother-sheep to seek and save her lost lamb. In the Bible it is always the good shepherd who goes after the lost sheep; who is not content with having the ninety and nine safe in the fold so long as a single one of the flock is wandering in the wilderness. But the mother-instinct in those dumb creatures whom man calls his "poor relations," is often referred to in the Scriptures. The most striking instance of this is in those touching words of Jesus addressed to the city and the people whom he so deeply loved: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! . . . how often would I have gathered thy people together even as *a hen gathereth her own brood under her wings*, and ye would not!"

The lesson of our picture, however, is not that the mother-love of sheep or fowls seeks to protect the defenceless young from threatening ill, but that this love, even in the lower animals, will not let any wanderer stray beyond its yearning and its seeking. Much more, then, will this love, when in a human mother's heart it is changed from an instinct to the very law of her life, seek to bring back the child from the dangers of its own wrong-doing, and embrace it again with the tender pity of Christian forgiveness.

Yes, it is indeed true that there is no love like mother-love, — no love so divine, so like the love of God for all His human children. Do you, boys and girls, realize that this love of your mother's is one of God's best and greatest gifts to you, and that one way to repay His love is to give back to the dear mother some of the sweet affection which she so freely bestows upon you? In the midst of the world's allurements and temptations do you keep in mind the precept to honor father and mother, so that by a loving obedience to their gentle counsels you may keep yourselves always in those paths which are pleasantness and peace?

ELSIE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY ANNIE E. PURINTON.

ELSIE LEEDS stood for ten minutes looking steadily out of the window without saying a word, which was very unusual for her to do. Though large tears rolled down her cheeks, she did not take the trouble to wipe them away, though she knew it was babyish to cry. Through misty eyes she saw the people plodding their way home under umbrellas and hugging up waterproofs, trying to shield themselves from the summer shower, which came down in such fury as even to frighten the robins cuddling under the branches of the trees, and to bring her baby-sister Kathie's doves flapping outside on the window-sill, as if asking for protection. Had Elsie been good-humored, she might have opened the window and lured the doves into the nursery with bread-crumbs. But now she was quite too much taken up with her own troubles to have any sentiment of pity for anything or anybody else. The neighboring church-clock chimed out the hour of four; she must give up all idea of pleasure for that day, she thought, and at this her tears redoubled. She had meant to have such a happy time, and now it was spoiled by this tiresome rain. It was her fifteenth birthday, and with some of her schoolmates she had planned for that very hour a picnic in the shady woods a mile away.

"Never mind, Miss Elsie, don't trouble yourself about a bit of rain! There is some one who is as glad to see it as you are sorry. In spite of the rain, you have much to be thankful for," said Nurse in her practical voice, seating herself in her comfortable arm-chair.

"Much to be thankful for! I should think so!" reiterated Elsie with some scorn. "Give me a list of my blessings at once."

"Well, this is the greatest one; and just hold her, please, while I go down and get her milk," said Nurse, coaxingly as she spoke, leading up to her a little two-year-old child, who, with a slight frown, resented the exchange.

For a moment Elsie had to drop her troubles, for now Kathie was pulling with tiny fingers at Nurse's work-basket on the table, and by mistake pulled down Elsie's banjo which Mamma had given her that morning.

"Kathie, keep quiet, tiresome little thing!" she said, giving the baby a shake as she lifted her in her arms.

But Kathie only kicked impatiently, intimating that Elsie was doing the wrong thing toward her entertainment.

"Dear me, I believe there never was such a child!" Mamma thought so, too, but Elsie did not put her remark in the shape of a compliment to-day. "Little bother, do keep quiet! If I am to be thankful for you, give me peace long enough to consider it." In spite of her impatience she stooped and kissed the baby's downy head. She might grumble at the weather, but she could never grumble long over Baby Kathie.

But when Nurse came back and resumed her young charge, all Elsie's troubles returned. "It 's horrid, perfectly horrid!" she said.

"Idleness won't improve the weather, and only begets foolish thoughts. Come away from the window, and help me mend this basketful of stockings," said Nurse, good-naturedly.

"The idea!" protested Elsie. "Your work is like Penelope's web, never finished. That basket is always heaping full. I should n't dare to begin, for it would be like the story without end," she said, with a disconsolate laugh, turning to the window again. She looked like a little martyr, and not a very patient one, leaning her chin on her hands and looking gloomily before her. "My whole day has been spoiled. I am the most unlucky girl that ever was born," she declared petulantly.

"Who is talking about ill luck?" It was Dr. Leeds' cheery voice, as he popped his head through the nursery door. "Not Elsie, certainly! What has happened?" he said, laying his hand caressingly on her shoulder. "Has the main-spring of her new watch broken, or is n't it quite as pretty as Nellie Hooper's? You know you can change it, dear, if you don't like it."

Elsie colored up. "I know, Papa, I forgot; and don't you see, this rain has spoiled all my fun; and — and — I was to be Queen of May, Papa, — I was to be Queen of May!" she said, looking up and smiling through her tears, a little ashamed of herself.

Dr. Leeds gravely pulled his moustache. "Is n't that rather a trifling matter for a girl of fifteen to be crying about?" he said seriously.

Elsie winced. Papa's corrections always smarted more than any one's else.

"You are not a little girl, Elsie. Surely, you have character enough not to mind this disappointment. Think how your life is just running over with blessings. You ought to catch all the sunshine, and not grumble over the showers. If my daughter wants to be anything in this life she must put her blessings always before her, and find a deep dark corner quite out of sight for her discomfitures. When one is fifteen one ought to abjure childish things. But there, it is time for me to be off," he said, looking at his watch and turning to leave the room. As he got to the door a sudden thought struck him. "Run and get your hat, Elsie, and come with me. The sun will be out presently."

Elsie was glad enough to do so. Perhaps Papa would take her in to see the new picture that he was speaking of last night; so she hastily wiped her eyes. The picnic faded into the background. She was ready, like every other girl, for a new excitement.

The sky was blue again, and great masses of soft clouds floated overhead. The frightened robins shook themselves, smoothed out their ruffled plumage, and with a happy chirp flew to the ground, standing, with a wise little cock of their head, in the wet grass, listening for the coming worm. The doves flew upon the eaves of the house, and cooed in their soft, pretty language in gratitude for the sunshine. A fresh, sweet scent filled the air, and the apple-trees suddenly seemed to burst from bud into blossom. As quickly as the sun dried the dew-drops, so quickly were Elsie's tears chased away, and with a thrill of pleasant excitement she walked by her father's side.

"Now, Papa, where are we going?" she asked.

They passed the busy thoroughfare, left the picture-gallery in the distance, and presently came to the quiet road that led up to the great hospital on the top of the hill.

"Oh, Papa, not there!" said Elsie, shrinking back. She never could bear the sight of the place. Sickness and death seemed photographed all over its red walls.

But Dr. Leeds only shook his head. "I have a little patient that I want you to see. It won't take long."

A large black Newfoundland jumped forward and greeted the doctor with a cheerful bark. Everybody knew and loved him there, even to the dog.

What a scene it was! Elsie clung closely to her father's hand. The long room with its rows of narrow beds, the pinched white faces lying so still upon the pillows, with now and then a groan breaking the stillness, — with pitying eye she took it all in as they passed from bed to bed. She grew quite faint, as her father stopped now and then, giving a glance of sympathy to one and a word of encouragement to another. It was like God's touch, the presence of this brave and tender man, who could be as gentle as a woman, and yet as unflinching as a rock if occasion demanded.

It was at the last bed in the ward that he finally stopped.

"How is my little patient?" he asked in a whisper to the nurse.

"She had a bad turn this morning. I thought she would die."

Dr. Leeds shook his head. "No, poor child, there is plenty of suffering before her, but not death at present."

Then he turned to Elsie. "An accident happened. The girl fell under an omnibus; her spine is affected, and she will be confined here at least for a year."

Elsie could hardly grasp the thought. A whole year taken out of her life! All the happy little frolics ended! Only these long bare walls to look at! "Poor girl, how she must have suffered!" she said with a half sob.

But there was no sign of suffering in the pale face before her. She must have been having pleasant dreams, for she smiled as she slept. In her hand, thrown outside of the bed-clothes, she held a bunch of half-withered violets.

"I tried to take them away," said the nurse apologetically to the doctor, "but she said she could sleep better if she held them in her hand, and so I humored her. Dear soul! when my end draws near may I be as fit to die as she is, — so uncomplaining, so grateful for the slightest favor done her!" she said with feeling in her voice.

The whisper seemed to catch the ear of the child. She turned her head on the pillow, the closed lids trembled, and then she feebly opened her eyes. Her first glance were for the flowers.

"How sweet they are!" she said, lifting them to her face and laying them against her cheek. She gave a grateful, satisfied sigh. Then she saw the doctor. "I am so happy to-day!" She shyly lifted her blue eyes to his. In them was expressed everything the child could not say. She had had so few pleasant things in her life, and the breath of the violets seemed to whisper to her in a new language, — a language she had never heard before. Who in the wide world had ever thought of this small waif?

"Your name and age, my little woman," Dr. Leeds had asked his patient when he visited her for the first time only the day before, as he smoothed her forehead with his cool hand.

"Jane Morley, fifteen years old on the twelfth of May," promptly replied the child.

He started. It was his Elsie's birthday; and thinking of her his voice grew more tender.

Any one might have thought that with all the great things of life to busy him, he would have forgotten this trifling circumstance.

The next morning as the doctor walked down the street he passed a flower-stall. Somehow the flowers seemed to thrust themselves before him as if asking humbly to be looked at. "Bless my soul, I had almost forgotten!" he exclaimed. But he had not quite forgotten, and a half hour later Jane Morley was transformed. She was lonely and homeless no longer. She had entered into that new world of sympathy and love. Think of the happiest moment of your life, of the most beautiful action you ever heard, — and you may know how Jane felt when she first held those precious violets in her hand.

"I have brought a visitor to see you. This is my little girl, whose birthday matches yours," said the doctor, drawing Elsie forward.

The two girls looked at each other silently. What did it all mean? Jane could not understand it. Was she dead and buried, and were these the angels she had heard about? This seemed like heaven. Just then, alas! a great wave of pain came over her, and consciousness for a moment left her, and her visitors departed.

Elsie walked very soberly home by her father's side. Without meaning it, Jane Morley had taught her a lesson that she would always remember. She had not thought of her blessings until that moment.

"Papa, dear, I want you to take away all the lovely things you gave me this morning." It was a sober little voice, and it was a sober face that was raised to Dr. Leeds.

"Why, Elsie!"

"Yes, Papa, give them to the sick girl in the hospital. She will smile, and say thank you. I forgot to do either," she said excitedly.

Dr. Leeds laughed. "I don't think a gold watch, or a banjo, or any other of the little things that you had this morning would be very useful to my patient. I would rather give her something that would make her sleep a good long sleep, — something to refresh her worn-out nerves. It is n't your trifles that she needs. Suffering and want have made her different from other girls. It is only the treasure that comes from your own heart that will help her; something that is the grandest gift of God, — that is, self-forgetfulness, words of kindness and sympathy." Dr. Leeds had grown as sober as Elsie. "And, my darling, there is a bright angel that must hover over you as well as the lonely girl. That angel clears the way for us, stifles all our murmuring, and makes happy children out of discontented ones. She makes the world beautiful all about us, and shows us sweetness and love where we had never thought to look for them; and that angel's name is Contentment."

They had reached their home. Dr. Leeds bent and kissed his little daughter. and then left her to her own reflections.

THE TORTOISE AND THE IRISH WOMAN.

BY MISS LAURA BROWN.

He was a box tortoise, and had lived in Corns Cohen's woodland for more summers and winters than he could count or remember, or tell you of if he had remembered. He had lived a quiet, happy life, with plenty of young checkerberry leaves to eat in the spring, and sweet ferns in summer, and a safe hassock to sleep under in winter, — so safe from enemies that he had very little use for the spring joint in his yellow under-shell, and really never needed to shut his box up tight, save from natural timidity. He was a very handsome fellow in his way, too, but was quite unambitious, and it had never entered his black head that he might better his condition by travelling.

She was a stout, round-faced Irish woman, not three months over from the "ould counthry," wearing the clumsiest shoes, the quaintest old-fashioned dress, and the whitest cap imaginable, and still very young and brisk, considering she was the grandmother of all Corns Cohen's red-cheeked, bare-footed brood. She was ambitious, and had come across the seas chiefly in search of a snugger cottage, a smarter cap, and a "lift in the world."

She was peering around among the young birch and maple trees, "jist to find out the look o' things," when she came across him.

He heard her step, long before she saw him, however, and locked himself up, head, tail, and claws, in his own patent-spring case.

"It 's a pocket-buke," she said to herself, and put it into her big pocket as quick as a thought, looking cautiously about to be sure she was not discovered.

Such a treasure!

She went home, chuckling to herself all the way, and feeling of her pocket to make sure that the purse was still there, saying over and over, "It 's no shtealing, shure, — no shtealing," and "May there be no owner to it!" then fell to knitting in the chimney corner to quiet her excited nerves, too proud and glad to speak of the "pocket-buke" until she got more used to her wealth.

"It 's new dhresses y 'll be afther wantin' fur the childer," she said presently to Mrs. Cohen; "they 'll hav 'em, niver yez fret," nodding her head mysteriously.

"An' the white chayna," she added, glancing approvingly at her ambitious daughter-in-law, "an' curtins like Bridget's yez shall hav', yez shall," giving herself a hug by way of emphasis.

After dinner she could endure the selfishness of silence no longer.

"Corns, yez may hav the new pair of oxen yez been wanthing."

"How can that be, with me pore, an' the tin mouths to fill?"

"Whist noo! don't be afther telling, but we 're rich!"

Corns opened his mouth in wonder.

"Whist!" in a whisper; "I 've found a bag o' gold that has no owner, an' I know it 's fule, for I pinched that same when I tuk it up, and shore 't was hard;" and she thrust her hand into her pocket, and triumphantly produced the "bag."

She had gotten him safely to her lap, when the tortoise (sly fellow!) unclasped his spring, and at one fell swoop thrust out head, tail, and four good-sized claws.

The woman grew white with terror, and after one prolonged howl, fainted outright; while the tortoise used his limbs with astonishing vigor, and started for his native wilds.

Then there *was* a scene!

In due course of time, with the help of a cold shower-bath, the good woman recovered enough to open her eyes and ejaculate, "Howly Mither! What *was* it?"

"It 's a judgment o' the saints on yez for wanting more 'n yez had," said Corns, solemnly; and to this day she believes that it was; and if ever one of that family finds anything, she is the first to urge, piously, —

"Fitch us the owner o' it; we 'll no' kape it."

History and Biography.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

I have in my collection of pictures the portrait of a beautiful lady. It is said that she was so beautiful that the children stopped to look at her as she passed them in the streets. Artists delighted to picture her on their canvas, and sculptors delighted to represent her in marble. She had many friends, but I think she won and kept them not so much by the beauty of her form and feature, as by the beauty of her heart and the radiance of her life. I think so, because when she was old and blind, when her beauty had faded and her worldly prosperity vanished, even then her company was sought and her friendship prized.

My young readers think, no doubt, that it would be a pleasant thing to have many friends. The thought is right; but those who seek for the pleasures of friendship should remember that it brings duties also.

Madame Récamier, for she is the lady of whom I am writing, had a friend, — Madame de Staël, — who was at one time an exile and in sorrow. Madame Récamier wished to go to see her, to cheer and to comfort her. The visit was attended with danger, but she never avoided what she considered the duties of friendship. She made her visit to Madame de Staël, and in consequence became herself an exile, forbidden by the mean spirit of Napoleon to return to Paris.

It was through Madame Récamier's devotion to a friend that she lost her eyesight. She had been treated for a cataract, and the doctor had ordered her to remain quiet in a darkened room, when she heard that a dear friend, Ballanche, was ill and perhaps dying. Forgetting her own danger, she hastened to his bed-side. The exposure, and the tears she shed when he died, injured her eyes beyond the hope of recovery.

Madame Récamier was so much admired and had so much influence that even the great Napoleon was jealous of her. But though the distinguished and powerful eagerly sought her society, she had room in her heart for the suffering and sad. Some one has said: "Disgrace and misfortune had for her the same attraction that success and prosperity have for vulgar souls."

Madame Récamier was born at Lyons in 1777. She was educated in a convent. When she was sixteen years old she married M. Récamier, a rich banker, about three times her age. He placed her in a beautiful home, and from that time she became a queen of society. Among her admirers were Lucien Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I., Prince August of Prussia, Mathieu de Montmorency, and M. de Chateaubriand, a great writer, who wished to marry her after she had become a widow, and was old and blind. Many other brilliant names might be added to this list. She always helped her friends to appear at an advantage. She gave them "the benefit of a good light." She had a beautiful smile, a musical voice. She wished to make all happy, to wound none.

My young readers can hardly hope to count among their friends such distinguished people as sought the society of Madame Récamier; but if they fill their days with unselfish, loving deeds, they will find that their friendship will always be sought and prized.

Our Letter-Box.

This number closes Volume I. of Every Other Sunday. The editor wishes all his young readers a pleasant vacation, and hopes during the summer to hear from many of them. Seaside and mountain furnish much that is of interest to all; and those who go away must say a few words about them to those who stay at home.

The Old Testament Enigma, published in No. 21, brought some interesting correspondence. An extract from one letter is given below. All the answers sent were correct.

Augusta, Maine.

To The Editor of Every Other Sunday, — . . . The first seven letters refer to "A Riddle," that caused the Philistines much trouble. The man's name was Samson; Manoah was his father; Timnath, the home of the woman he married. He once met and killed a *lion* on his way there. The *carcass of the lion* contained in time something that he ate. He made a *feast* on the occasion of his marriage. He amused his guests with a *riddle* at his wedding. His wife became *false* because of it. He *slew them* (i. e. her people) in revenge. He lost his *wife* through his revenge. He destroyed *corn* as further vengeance. *Three thousand* men came there to take him prisoner. He slew *one third* of them. He obtained his weapon from the jawbone of an *ass*. *Delilah* was a woman he loved. She sought to find the source of his *strength*. His *hair* was its source. She *cut it off*. Her people caused him to become *sightless*. They bound him with *fetters*. He had to *grind* in prison. *Thousands* perished with him after all, and, and by means of his own strength. . . . Very truly yours,

G. E. McM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN Nos. 21 and 22.

Old Testament Enigma. A Riddle: Out of the eater came forth meat; out of the strong came forth sweetness.

Fourth of July Enigma. . "My first wish is to see the whole world in peace, and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind."

New Testament Enigma. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

Enigma XXI. Bible.

Enigma XXII. "Freedom to worship God."

Charade VII. Silas.

Charade VIII. Fire-cracker.

SQUARE WORD No. 5.

1. A M O S.
2. M A M A.
3. O M E R.
4. S A R A.

DIAMOND WORD PUZZLE.

1	2	3
P	C	M
RAT	SON	NAP
PAPER	COCOA	MADAM
TEN	NOT	CAN
R	A	M

RIDDLES.

1. A glow-worm's fire has no smoke, and well-water has no fish.
2. Stars are the eyes of heaven; the sea is the looking-glass of the sky.
3. A pair of scissors cutting cloth.
4. Mist.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. See Genesis xxxv. 19.
2. See Ruth i. 19 and ii. 4.
3. See I. Samuel xvi. 3.
4. See II. Samuel xxiii. 15.
5. See Matthew ii. 1.

For Youngest Readers.

HOW MARCIA MADE A FRIEND.

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

JOHNNY stood by the roadside flourishing a long handsome horse-whip, with a bright red snapper on its end. As he swung it swiftly round and round, the little buttercups and dandelions lost their heads, and the soft growing spears of grass seemed to be afraid to stand up straight lest they too should lose their head.

Now Johnny was not a cruel boy; he loved the yellow buttercups and dandelions; but just at this time he was thinking of the fun he was going to have when some little children should pass his father's house on their way to school. He was a very little boy, still wearing skirts, but old enough to know that what he was going to do was unkind. Although not really cruel, as we have said, Johnny was rather a rough little fellow, and inclined to think only of himself and his fun. He stopped swinging his whip as a lady passed and said to him pleasantly, "Don't hurt any one with that whip, Johnny."

Johnny wished the lady would walk faster, for he did not want her to see him, and he could hear the children's voices already. As the little folks turned the corner, Johnny sprang into the centre of the road and lifted his big whip threateningly. The children — five or six little boys and girls who attended a Kindergarten near by — stood still at once, and looked at him in alarm.

"You can't pass here!" cried Johnny, swinging his big whip. "No passing!"

"You stop that, Johnny!" said the oldest boy, stepping bravely in advance of the others. "You must let us go by, or we shall be late."

"Don't care," answered Johnny, "you 'll get hit if you go by here," and he made his whip whistle through the air.

"You 're a naughty boy!" cried the others. "Please put your whip down."

Johnny shook his head, and began turning himself and his whip rapidly round and round like a top. The children saw their chance and started quickly forward, some running by him on one side and some on the other. All got safely by but timid little Marcia Clark. She saw the whip coming very near her, and stopping, alarmed, burst into tears.

"Run, Marcia, run!" called the others; "he won't dare strike you."

"Won't I!" cried Johnny, shaking his whip so near Marcia's head that the little red snapper struck the brim of her hat and made her still more afraid, — too afraid even to move.

"You wicked boy!" cried the children, running back towards their little timid companion; "you ought to be ashamed."

Johnny was ashamed now, but he did not want to show it; so he whipped the grass vigorously and began to whistle.

This was the fun which Johnny tried, morning after morning, until the children got used to his threatenings, and grew so brave that Johnny's fun would have been lost entirely had little Marcia also been able to conquer her timidity.

One morning at breakfast she said firmly, "I know what I am going to do to make Johnny stop plaguing me."

"Be careful, Marcia," said her father, looking at her reprovingly over the morning paper. "Don't do anything you will be sorry for. Johnny won't really strike you."

"I know he won't; but he frightens me so!" Marcia answered.

"Learn to be brave," suggested her mother, smiling.

Marcia started for Kindergarten earlier than usual, and found Johnny early also. There he was swinging his whip as usual, and he looked surprised to see her alone. She walked bravely towards him and said, —

"Johnny, don't you want to see the pictures in my book?"

Johnny's whip swung slower, and he looked at her inquiringly.

"They are real pretty, and there are lots of them. I should like to show them to you," she continued.

Johnny's round eyes grew large with astonishment, and the whip hung harmlessly by his side.

"Come and see this one. I think it is a very pretty dog," and she seated herself on the curb-stone and opened the book.

Johnny moved slowly forward, dragging his whip and wishing it was in the barn.

"Would you like a dog like that?" she asked, turning the book so he could see the picture. "Do you know what kind of a dog it is?"

"Yes," answered Johnny, quickly. "It's a Newfoundland dog. Grandpa has one."

Marcia turned the leaves over slowly, talking about the pictures; and before Johnny knew it he was sitting by her side, chatting merrily with her.

The whip he had tucked down under him close to the curb-stone, and hoped Marcia would not see it. She showed him all the pictures, and then rose saying, "I must go to Kindergarten now. I will bring another book to-morrow if you would like to see it."

"I would very much," answered Johnny, blushing as he thought of his whip. He hoped Marcia had forgotten it; he guessed she had, for she smiled as she said "good-by." Marcia did not forget the book the next morning, and a few mornings later Johnny had one to show her. Marcia never saw the whip again; and ever after she and Johnny were good friends.

"SUMMER COMFORT."

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

SOMETHING ABOUT A BUTTERFLY.

BY MISS H. E. FREEMAN.

What child in the country has not at some time chased a bright butterfly, and after holding it a minute, found his hands covered with dark specks? What are these specks? We cannot call them feathers, and yet they are more like the feathers of a bird than almost anything else. Our own eyes can tell us little about them; but if we use the wonderful eyes which the microscope gives us, we see that each bit looks something like a half-shut fan. Some are long and narrow, some are short and broad, but each has a little point at the base by which it is fastened to the wing; and they are not placed irregularly, like birds' feathers, but evenly in rows, which make one think of shingles on a house-roof. By laying the wing down on a piece of paper and brushing it gently but firmly, all these little scales may be taken off, — and then what do we have? There are the veins left which make the wings strong, just as a leaf is made strong by its veins; and we see also the little rows where the scales were fastened by their points. But is it pretty now? It is just like a wasp's wing or a bee's wing. It will answer very well to fly with; but children don't chase wasps and bees for their pretty wings, — they would n't chase them even if they did not sting. One might ask why all these pretty colored scales were put on a butterfly's wing if it could fly just as well without them.

But all the wonders of a butterfly are not on its wings. Its tongue is very interesting. When it was a caterpillar it had a mouth and jaws, with which it could cut a leaf as evenly as you could with a pair of sharp scissors. But it does not want to eat leaves any more, and the sharp jaws will be of no use to it in taking honey. It is now provided with a tongue, and it must be a long one, else how is it going to reach into the tubes where the honey is hidden? Yes, it is a very long tongue; and how awkward it would be to have it hanging down, sometimes in the way, and sometimes with the chance of being broken! To avoid all this, the tongue is coiled up close in a spiral just like a watch-spring, and remains concealed. One would never guess of its existence, except when the butterfly rests on a flower; and then out comes this little wire-like thread, and is pushed down into the honey tube, which is far too small for the insect to get its head into. On the very tip of its tongue are some little glands, so very delicate and small that we can only guess that they must help in some marvellous way in the finding or tasting of honey.

The big bumblebees sometimes have a different way of getting honey, which seems very much like stealing. They will cut through the flower tube from the outside, making a hole, and taking out what they want in that way. This is like creeping around, and going into somebody's house by the back-door rather than the front-door. It is done often to the red columbines or wild honeysuckle, found everywhere in the woods in the spring. These blossoms have the honey all in the end of the long spurs; and children know this, because they bite them off for the pleasant sweet taste. But one knows when the bumblebees have been there first, for then many a tube has a little hole in it, where the bee has bitten through for the honey. The butterfly has no such awkward way of getting at what it wants; and it has, one might almost say, a greater regard for the flower which gives it such good things.

AN AMBITIOUS CHICK. — A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. FANNY D. BERGEN.

There is a beautiful little village in Maine, which partly cuddles down in a tiny valley shut in by pine-covered hills, and partly climbs up the steep side of one, long ago cleared of its green trees. At one end of the street stands a comfortable old-fashioned farm-house surrounded by a grassy yard and flower-garden; and behind these you will find a barn, hen-coops, and a yard for the fowls, at the end of which is a small pond.

It was at this pleasant place that I was visiting some years ago. It happened that summer that the mistress of the house, who was much interested in hens and chickens, had a fancy to rear some ducks; she thought the little pond would be so convenient for them. So she bought a dozen duck-eggs and put them under an old hen who "wanted to set," as the farmers say. The hen's wings were so large that they more than covered the dozen eggs, so Mrs. L. tucked in one hen's egg.

In due time the yellow velvety little ducklings came out of their shells, and with them one pretty little peeping black-and-yellow chicken. They were fed with plenty of meal and bread-crumbs, and now and then the hen-mother scratched up a bug, which she taught her children how to eat. A shallow dish of water was placed near the coop, in which the brood was shut at night and kept in the morning until the dew was off the grass. The baby ducks and their little step-brother would stand on the edge of this dish and sip water when they were thirsty, and soon the ducklings began to paddle about in the dish. This was not very neat to be sure, but I suppose water is very tempting to duck-nature. It was not long before the little flock found their way to the pond which I have mentioned. At first the young ducks only ventured into very shallow water. Here the chick followed them; and if you will believe it, when they spread their wings and struck out with their little legs into deeper water, the chick actually tried to swim too! At first it only flopped about in the water; and after half drowning, it struggled back to dry land where the old hen was clucking about, keeping close watch. But as soon as the warm sun had well dried its feathers, this ambitious chicken again entered the water and tried to swim. Strange to tell, after a few days he did succeed in floating a little way. It was hard work, and when he came ashore in a very feeble state, we all advised him not to try it again, but to stay away from the pond altogether. I dare say his mother gave him the same advice; but he was not satisfied to lead a correct chicken-life, — he must needs try to imitate the ducks.

One day he did really succeed in swimming across the pond, but after so great an effort was too exhausted to return the same way; and after resting a while in the sunshine he came home by land. Alas! The very next morning after this feat the chicken was found drowned! As we saw the bedrabbled little dead bird we wondered whether any other observer of the ways of ducks and hens had ever seen a chicken actually take a duckling's part and swim the water, instead of remaining content to hop about on the land.

The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a moment.

WHY WILLIE FEELS SAFE.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

Willie sat listening with wide-open eyes while his father was talking about what he called "labor troubles." It seemed to be concerning some men who were not contented with the pay they received for their work, and who felt also that they had to work too long each day.

Then Willie kept on listening, and heard his father read from his paper how some of these discontented laborers were saying harsh things, and declaring that they would not work themselves nor allow other men to, unless they could have good wages and work only eight hours in a day.

No one noticed how interested Willie was in what his father was reading; and if they had, no one would have thought the child could understand all he really did.

But the truth was, he understood enough to trouble him, and after he went to bed at night he lay awake for a long time wishing he had heard nothing about the discontented men, and also wishing he could have a light in the room. However, at the end of what seemed a long time he fell asleep.

The next day, Willie asked his mamma a great many questions about the labor troubles, and she explained to him as best she could what they meant; but she did not imagine for a moment that the subject troubled him in the least. She knew so well there was nothing to disturb a little fellow like him in such matters, that such a thought never occurred to her.

Besides, it was summer; and they were in the fresh, beautiful country, away from the toil and confusion of the city. But that night Willie was more timid and excited than ever, and finally calling his mother to come to his bedside, he told her he was afraid to go to sleep.

"Why, what is my boy afraid of?" she asked kindly.

She did not laugh nor call him a foolish child when he told her that he was dreadfully afraid of those angry, quarrelsome men who were making trouble about their work; she only talked with him and soothed him as a tender, loving mother will, and soon he was sleeping sweetly.

But something happened the next day which furnished the lesson Willie needed to learn, and his wise mamma was quick to see and apply the useful truth.

During the few weeks they had been in the country, Willie's mamma had been embroidering a pretty vine on some soft, new flannel. She did not use cotton or thread for this work, but a coarse kind of white silk called floss. Whenever she came to the end of a needleful of silk she would cut off the remaining bits, and let them fall on the gravel roof just outside the open window.

For several days as mamma sat embroidering she would drop the bits of silk on the roof, but in the morning there was never a scrap of floss to be seen. Both Willie and mamma wondered if the wind blew it all away.

Well, that day, as Willie was out playing, he saw hanging from a large apple-tree what looked like thick cobwebs, but they were really hornets' nests. Willie knew they injured the tree; so off he ran to the stable for Mike, who took a long pole and tied a newspaper to one end. Setting the paper on fire, Mike lifted it into the tree, and in a moment the flame had destroyed the hanging nets of gauze. But in drawing the pole down it

hit a great branch of the old apple-tree, when down fell a little nest, out of which rolled three cunning little eggs of light green.

"Och!" cried the kind-hearted Irishman, "lave alone the bit o' a nist, till I climb the three and put it back where it belarngs. Faith thin! its meself saw jist the shpot it tumbled from."

But Willie already had the curious little thing in his hands examining it closely. What was it made of? Fortunately the tiny eggs had been so snugly placed in the nest that they had not rolled out until just as it reached the grass; so none were broken. Mike wanted to replace the little bird-house, but Willie insisted that he must show it to mamma first. Bursting into the sitting-room he exclaimed, —

"Oh, mamma! do see this wonderful little nest; what makes it look so shiny?"

His mother looked at it attentively a few moments; then she said, —

"Now I see what became of the bits of silk which disappeared from the roof each day;" and she showed the wondering Willie how the soft, shining floss was woven in and out, in and out, making one of the prettiest little nests ever seen. In fact no child could so skilfully have plaited and twined the delicate fibres of twigs, stalks, grasses, and floss as the twittering little mother-bird had done, with her sharp bill and active claws.

"Now run with the nest to Mike;" said mamma; "then come back to me, I want to have a little talk with you."

As Willie, a few moments later, sat quietly by his mother's side, she began, —

"I wonder if my little boy knows who taught Birdie to make that snug little home for herself and her little feathered babies?"

"God did," said Willie, softly.

"And then who takes care of the tiny birdlings when they come into the nest, — such helpless little creatures!"

"Why, God does," said Willie, earnestly.

"Well, then," his mother continued, looking in his face, "don't you think that a great good God who cares so lovingly for the little birds is able and willing to care for my dear little boy? Do you think there is anything to fear at night when the mighty Father who never slumbers nor sleeps is watching over your bed? Only think how that mite of a bird has provided a warm little home for her young; and if God has cared enough for that little twittering thing to teach her so much, why should a child for whom he has done so much more be afraid of the darkness? The little birds know nothing about fear, and Christ has said, 'Fear not, ye are of more value than many sparrows.'"

"I don't believe I shall ever be afraid again," said Willie.

And that night, when he went to bed, Willie told his mother he did not want any light, for he should be ashamed not to have as much courage as a little bird. Besides, he knew nothing could harm him while God was watching over them all; and in five minutes he was dropping to sleep feeling perfectly safe.

The descendants of the original settlers in our colonies talk still of going to England as "going home," though they were born in Australia, and have lived there all their lives. In like manner we Christian people should keep vigorous in our minds the thought that our true home is there where we have never been, and that here we are foreigners and wanderers.

AN INFANT-CLASS EXERCISE.

BY O. M. B.

Teacher. In studying about Jesus we think we find that he had preferences, — that is, he had special fondness for certain places, persons, and things; and I wonder if you can tell what you have found concerning them.

Question. There was a village in which he liked to pass an occasional day or night. What was its name?

Answer. Bethany.

Ques. He had three dear friends there. What were their names?

Ans. Mary, Martha, and Lazarus.

Ques. There was a mountain which he liked to visit, and where he often went alone. What was it called?

Ans. The Mount of Olives.

Ques. For what purpose did he go there?

Ans. He went there to pray.

Ques. What was the name of the garden where he passed those very sad hours before his death?

Ans. Gethsemane.

Ques. What three disciples were with him?

Ans. Peter, James, and John.

Ques. What flower did he bless with special notice?

Ans. The lily.

Ques. What did he say about it?

Ans. Matt. vi. 28, 29.

Ques. He calls our attention to a little bird with a very plain coat of feathers. What was its name?

Ans. The sparrow.

Ques. What does he say about the sparrows?

Ans. Matt. x. 29.

Ques. What animal do you think he may have liked best?

Ans. The lamb.

Ques. What did John the Baptist call Jesus?

Ans. The Lamb of God.

Ques. How did Jesus sometimes speak of himself?

Ans. John x. 11.

Ques. He mentions a certain gem, as having precious value. What is it?

Ans. The pearl.

Ques. And when men have a pure love for him in their hearts, he says it is as though they had found — what?

Ans. A pearl of great price.

Ques. He had a special love for one of his disciples,— which one?

Ans. John.

Ques. How does that disciple speak of himself?

Ans. As "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

Ques. And above and beyond all these others whom did he love?

Ans. Little children.

Ques. What did he say about them?

Ans. Mark x. 14, last clause.

Ques. What did the children say when they sang praises to him?

Ans. "Hosanna to the son of David!"

You remember the old story of the prisoner in his tower, delivered by his friend, who sent a beetle to crawl up the wall, fastening a silken thread to it, which had a thread a little heavier attached to the end of that, and so on, and so on, each thickening in diameter until they got to a cable. That is how evil gets hold of a great many of us. It weaves around us silken threads to begin with, slight, as if we could break them with a touch of our fingers; and they draw after them, as certainly as destiny, at each remove a thickening chain, until at last we are tied and bound, and our captor laughs at our mad plunges for freedom, which are as vain as a wild bull's in the hunter's nets.

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

[The first two questions were sent in and answered by a child.]

Does Sunday-school teaching make children more helpful in their homes towards their mothers?

It is n't the teaching; it is the kind of way in which the teacher makes the children think of their mothers.

What kind of a teacher do children like?

One who is bright and pleasant, and helps you to think out what questions to ask.

Is the teaching of Ethics to be subordinated to that of Doctrines?

Neither subordinated nor exalted, but placed alongside. Religion is the life which nourishes both, and they both in turn strengthen religion.

What one rule should be followed in teaching Ethics?

To make the child realize that every abstract proposition has its basis in life experience.

What is a great defect in teaching?

That of not showing the universal application of every little law; of not relating universal law to personal experience; of not carrying a homely, every-day illustration into its grandest relations to the universe.

Why is so much importance placed upon manner in teaching?

Because animation of manner (being wide-awake, sympathetic) is essential (1) in catching the child's attention; and (2) in holding it when caught. When the teacher's interest flags, when her smile is heavy, or the child's attention slackens, all is lost.

Should most attention be paid to subjects, or methods?

That depends on class and teacher. Let the children always know what is or has been the subject. Let the teacher herself be conscious of her method; but the recognition of her method by the scholar should not destroy the spontaneity of the class.

Can every one teach?

No; no more than every one can be a minister or a superintendent. It takes nature, as well as grace.

Are Sunday-school libraries of any use in cities?

They are of little use for the older children, but are helpful for the younger ones; and in Mission schools are much safer for all than indiscriminate use of a public library.

Should a superintendent tell stories in his general lesson to the school?

Whenever he can tell one to the point, certainly; but children see through stories which are made up for a purpose, and call them only fit for Sunday-school.

Our Book Table.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

THE SEVEN LAWS OF TEACHING. By John M. Gregory, LL.D. Boston: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing House. 144 pp. Price, 75 cents.

Here within the compass of less than a hundred and fifty pages is a most valuable compendium of the leading principles and rules of the teaching art. The book will instruct all kinds of teachers; but it will be specially helpful to the Sunday-school teacher. Each of the "Seven Laws" is set forth with clearness, and from the carefully considered law practical rules are deduced. No earnest teacher can fail of being helped, by the study of this little book, to a better knowledge of the way to teach.

METHODS AND PRINCIPLES OF BIBLE-STUDY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING. By Rev. A. E. Winship. Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co. pp. 227. Price, $1.25.

Mr. Winship takes up the problem of Sunday-school teaching on the side of psychology. He deals not with the laws and rules of the teaching art, but with the mental development of childhood; the art of thinking and of remembering; the philosophy of habit, of sympathy, and of belief; the use of the imagination, the nature of the emotions, and the exercise of choice. The Sunday-school teacher who wishes to master the *philosophy* that underlies the art of teaching, and so prepare himself for a more intelligent performance of his work, will find this book stimulating, suggestive, helpful.

SCRIPTURES, HEBREW AND CHRISTIAN. Arranged and edited for young readers, as an introduction to the study of the Bible. By Profs. E. T. Bartlett and John P. Peters of the P. E. Divinity School, Philadelphia. Vol. I., Hebrew Story; From Creation to the Exile. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 545. Price, $1.50.

We are glad to commend this work to all our Sunday-school pupils and teachers, and to all parents who wish their children to know what the Bible is as a literature. In this first volume, the Hebrew Story to the Exile is told in the language of the Old-Testament books, with omissions of all tedious and objectionable passages. The arrangement of the "Story" carries those portions of the Pentateuch which deal with the Law to a later volume and brings into the historical narratives extracts from the Psalms, the Prophetical Writings, and the Book of Proverbs, illustrative of personal character, and explanatory of dynasties and national politics. By the aid of these "Scriptures," our young people may become delightedly as well as intelligently acquainted with the contents of the Bible.

OUR NEW ROOMS.

MANY of our readers probably know that the Book-Room of the UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY and the Editorial and Business Offices of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY have lately been removed from 7 Tremont Place to the new Unitarian Building, No. 25 Beacon Street. Our new quarters are light, spacious, and cheery, beautifully finished and furnished, and admirably adapted for the transaction of the various branches of our work. We shall be glad to see here all our friends, *the children* as well as their teachers and parents. In No 1 of Vol. II., of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, we hope to give our readers a handsome picture of the new Building, with a description of both its exterior and interior.

OUR PAPER.

THE present number closes Vol. I. of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. The paper launched last September with some forebodings as to its success, has had a prosperous voyage during this its first year.

All the different departments of the paper have been well sustained. The superior excellence of some of the stories has been widely recognized. Some of the shorter stories have found their way into the reading-books used in the public schools. In our *Nature* Column many original contributions to the study of natural history have appeared. Our gallery of historical characters includes several of the noblest men and women whom the world has honored or the Church canonized. In the *Letter-Box* the children have said their say and told their stories, while Enigmas, Charades, and Bible Questions have exercised their ingenuity and increased their knowledge of important subjects. The *Teachers' Department* has been filled with fresh and valuable papers helpful for the solution of practical questions. The monthly meetings of the Sunday-School Union have been fully reported in our columns. Our *Book-Table* has been well laden with carefully prepared notices of more than eighty new books suitable for Sunday-school libraries. Of the pictorial excellence of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY we have had many testimonials. One subscriber recently wrote, "The illustrations in your paper have an artistic merit almost equal to the woodcuts in the foremost literary magazines."

The general commendation which the paper has received is well expressed by the editor of the new magazine "The Unitarian":

"Do all of our father and mother readers, and girl and boy readers, know what an excellent and charming paper Mr. Spaulding is making of his EVERY OTHER SUNDAY? We are sorry for every home in which there are girls and boys not gladdened and benefited by its regular coming; and we are sorry for every Sunday-school into which a big bundle does not go. And forty cents brings all its sunshine and wisdom for a year!"

For Vol. II., the first number of which will bear date of September 19, we have no special word of promise, except to say that we shall do what we can to make it better than Vol. I. has been. The sixty or more contributors to the present volume will all, or nearly all, be sure to send us good articles, and new contributors will from time to time be drawn upon.

BOUND VOLUMES OF "EVERY OTHER SUNDAY."

Vol. I. of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, handsomely bound in cloth, will soon be ready. It contains 184 pages, nearly 50 beautiful illustrations, and is sold at the extremely low price of 75 cents a copy. Sent post-free on receipt of price.

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WE shall send to all our present subscribers copies of No. I. of Vol. II. unless otherwise directed. The usual packages will be sent to all the Sunday-schools now taking the paper; but we earnestly request all our schools to inform us at an early day of the exact number of copies which they wish to take next year. We hope there will be an increased number in every school. Sample copies of Vol. II. No. I. will be furnished free to all who will apply for them. We shall also be happy to send a trial copy of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY *free* for two months to any person desiring to examine the paper.

N. B. Subscribers who have not yet paid for Vol. I. are requested to send the money at once.

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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LESSONS ON THE LIFE OF SAINT PAUL. By Rev. EDWARD H. HALL, author of "First Lessons on the Bible." 2d edition. pp. 115. Price, in paper, 25 cents; per dozen, $3.00. In cloth, 35 cents; per dozen, $4.00.

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In Press: Ready Sept. 1, 1886.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON "LIVES AND DEEDS." Vol I. "Bible Characters." Part I. Early Hebrew Stories.

Part I. of this volume, *ready Sept.* 1, 1886, will consist of twelve lessons on Bible characters, from the Patriarchs to the Kings, with questions. By Rev. C. F. DOLE. These lessons will make a manual of about 125 pages. Part II. will follow in December, and will cover the period from the Hebrew Kings to the New Testament. This manual will be prepared by Rev. HENRY G. SPAULDING. Part III., by the same author, treating of New Testament characters, will appear in the spring of 1887.

A NEW SERIES OF NEW TESTAMENT PARABLES, illustrated by pictures and stories. By Mrs. E. C. WILSON.

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